Volume LXXI CHICAGO, MARCH 6, 1913 Number 1

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

"The nation has been deeply stirred by a solemn passion, stirred by the knowledge of wrong, of ideals lost, of government too often debauched and made an instrument of evil.

"The feelings with which we face this new age of right and opportunity sweep across our heartstrings like some air out of God's own presence, where justice and mercy are reconciled and the judge and the brother are one.

"We know our task to be no mere task of politics, but a task which shall search us through and through, whether we be able to understand our time and the need of our people, whether we be indeed their spokesmen and interpreters, whether we have the pure heart to comprehend and the rectified will to choose our high course of action.

"This is not a day of triumph; it is a day of dedication. Here muster, not the forces of party, but the forces of humanity. Men's hearts wait upon us; men's lives hang in the balance; men's hopes call upon us to say what we will do.

"Who shall live up to the great trust? Who dares fail to try?

"I summon all honest men, all patriotic, all forward looking men, to my side. God helping me, I will not fail them, if they will but counsel and sustain me!"

From the Inaugural Address of President Wilson.

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HOW PROHIBITION RUINS OKLAHOMA

In answer to the charge of the liquor men that prohibition has ruined Oklahoma, the *New Republic* says:

Under five years of prohibition—ending November 16 last, the state of Oklahoma has built 3,500 school houses. Twenty-five cities and towns whose citizens traveled mud roads when open saloons were permitted now have paved streets.

When Oklahoma became a state in 1907 the constitution which was adopted provided for the prohibition of the liquor traffic. A period of five years of experiment has proven the wisdom of the voters. At the time of admission Oklahoma City had a population of 32,000, two breweries, seventy saloons and four five-story buildings. Now this city has 64,000 population, four twelve-story buildings, three with ten stories each, four of eight stories, a score with seven, six and five, 100 miles of paved streets, four new churches costing $100,000 each, a half-million dollar high school building and not one saloon. The last year in which saloons existed building permits aggregating $1,853,629 were issued, while in 1912 the value of such permits reached the total of $4,117,495.

Yes, prohibition ruins—the home destroyers, the jointists, the divorce courts, the jails. It has been doing that in Kansas for a generation.—*Exchange.*

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1913. NUMBER 1.

Thirty-Five Years

ANOTHER BIRTHDAY

With this issue UNITY enters upon its thirty-sixth year of life. For thirty-five years the printer's persistent demand for "copy" has been met, and no promised issue has fallen out. With the exception of the first year, the writer has been the responsible editor. The first six months, under the title of "The Pamphlet Mission," the venture was in charge of Rev. J. T. Sunderland, at the end of which time, his field of labor being removed from Chicago to Ann Arbor, the responsibilities for the next six months were assumed by the lamented Henry M. Simmons, then of Madison, Wis. When this period had expired the newly christened UNITY fell into the hands of one who had no editorial aspirations, and throughout his thirty-five years of service he has made no claims to other than amateur relations to the editorial profession.

UNITY has no secrets to withhold from its readers. It goes without saying that UNITY has never paid its way. What religious weekly does? But, it can be said with equal assurance that UNITY has always paid its bills. It has worn out several relays of supporters; some, who bravely laid their hands to the plow, in due time wearied and fell out by the way; others, persisted until the evening came and they settled back in their well earned rest.

From its inception UNITY has been an independent journal. For the first five or six years of its life, its phrase was: "With, but not of, the Western Unitarian Conference," for the promoting of whose interest the little "Pamphlet Mission" was projected. During the now all but forgotten struggle of the Unitarian denomination through "the issue in the West," UNITY stood for the *Ethical Basis,* as opposed to some kind of a doctrinal test, for Church fellowship and religious co-operation.

With the coming of the Parliament of Religions in 1893 came the opportunity and, as we thought, the need and the duty to express more effectively a fellowship founded upon the sympathy of all religions, so when the Congress of Religion—the child of the Parliament—was organized in 1894, to perpetuate and extend the spirit of the Parliament, UNITY willingly became the organ of this child of its own loins. In order to better emphasize the forward step the name of "New" was for a while prefixed to the title, and the Unity Publishing Company was organized to represent the business interest. At this juncture the officers of the Congress of Religion pledged their support to the publication, but again some of the supporters wearied, others sickened and died. After a few years the two workers who carried the burden of work assumed also the burden of financial responsibility, and the only debts ever incurred remaining unpaid, are to those who knew what they were doing and choose to do it.

Ten years ago under the leadership of Dr. George F. Shears, of blessed memory, Hon. William Kent, now of California, and Edward Morris of Chicago, a subsidy fund was organized to carry the venture through a period of ten years, since which time the financial anxieties of UNITY have been reduced to a minimum and the work has been reasonably free from money embarrassment. With the 1st of March, 1913, the tenth and last year of support will have been reached, so UNITY's lease of life is assured for only one more year.

When the 1st of March, 1914, arrives, then what? Death, or reinforcement and rejuvenation—which?

If the present editor understands himself, he will be prepared to accept either decision with a degree of cheerfulness. More than half of his lifetime has been spent in this chosen thraldom, this welcomed slavery; and whatever the verdict of friends may be, he rests in the conviction that no other work of his hands has been more profitable. Certainly none other has received from him more hard labor, more earnest thought, or more single-minded devotion. It has been given to him to found, organize and preside over the destiny of All Souls Church of Chicago, for thirty years. To found and direct the work of Abraham Lincoln Centre, now in its eighth year, and to give himself to UNITY for thirty-five years; these three, and in his estimation, at least, the greatest of these is UNITY.

Independent from the first, UNITY has stood, and will stand as strength and wisdom are given it, for an undogmatic fellowship in religion. For the conviction that God "left not himself without witness," and that "in every nation he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, is acceptable to him." UNITY holds that the seers, sages and prophets of all ages, of many climes, leaders of men, with many names and no name, join in a chorus of faith in the universalities of morals, common confession of the weakness and ignorance of man, and a common reverence for the majesty of the universe. UNITY stands for the hu-

manities born out of a sense of the finiteness and fallibility of the human heart, and a reverence that goes with the consciousness of "Him in whom we live and move and have our being."

When UNITY came to its thirtieth birthday it asked its friends and readers to testify to their indebtedness and continued interest by pledging themselves to a venture for the establishment of an endowment fund of $30,000, $1,000 for each year of its life; this fund to be entrusted to the conservative keeping of the Abraham Lincoln Centre Corporation, and to be forever held sacred to the propagation through the printed page, be it UNITY or otherwise, of the faith which UNITY has sought to represent, and the service that seeks to embody that faith, in the life of the individual, the home and the nation.

The response has been touching from the number of widely scattered friends, who, out of meager incomes, have testified to their interest. But the response, if the truth must be confessed, has been somewhat depressing in that as yet but few of those upon whom Fortune has smiled, and into whose trusteeship has been placed more generous portions of the wealth of the earth, have been heard from.

But we do not take very seriously this conservative attitude of our wealthier friends, knowing how generous many of them have been towards UNITY these many years, how freely they have given to the causes dear to UNITY and how heroically they have defended the principles advocated by UNITY.

It is with a degree of confidence then that we look forward to this year as the test year. We believe that the fund asked for will be forthcoming, and if life is spared we expect to announce the triumph a year hence. Meanwhile, the subscriptions already made represent nearly $5,000, about $4,000 of which is in the bank earning money. Every cent of this money is to be returned to the original contributors if the whole $30,000 is not realized, such being the conditions "nominated in the bond."

Meanwhile, we hoist the sails for another year's cruise. We stand in the future, as in the past, for the unrimmed fellowship of those who seek truth and righteousness. We stand for the brotherhood of man, and work for the pacification of the world. We are for spiking the cannon, dismantling the forts, and rimming the banners of all nations with white in token of that Organized World, the coming of which we believe in, the approach of which we trust is nearer than men realize.

We have no new program, no fresh promises, no "schemes" by which we hope to greatly enlarge our list, or increase our potency. Our readers are in a position to judge of the value of UNITY. They know that there are others not yet reached, to whom it has a message. We believe it is within their power to multiply our subscription list by two during the thirty-sixth year of our life. We leave it with them.

With this issue we add to our editorial staff the name of the Rev. Charles E. Beals, Secretary of the Chicago Peace Society. But this is only a belated recognition of a fact that already existed. Ever since Chicago discovered Mr. Beals he has been, and will continue to be, a fertile and welcome contributor to UNITY in the interest of that mighty reform, in the presence of which all other reforms pale into significance,—the disarmament of the nations. The greatest thing to be done for civilization.

Dr. Alice D. Williams, one of the efficient helpers at the Lincoln Centre, will edit a series of Sunday School lessons based upon the course pursued by the religious study classes at the Abraham Lincoln Centre, led by the Senior Editor of this paper. With Dr. Williams' co-operation the Home Page, with its helps to high living, will be restored and will appear whenever space permits.

Friends, once more, we have worn our heart upon our sleeve in your presence. Here is our hand, reaching out for further co-operation. It carries with it grateful love for past fellowship and growing confidence in the things for which we have together toiled.

JENKIN LLOYD JONES.

Dallas, Texas, February 25, 1913.

The death of Joaquin Miller takes from us a picturesque but, of late years, hidden figure. At one time it was thought that he wore the mantle of Whitman. He had real gifts, but they were defeated, apparently, by something in him akin to the poseur. A touch of queerness, if not of madness, kept him back from really high achievement. His best work, however, was noble, and in prose his hand was firmer than that of Bret Harte. Long living mellowed him into a prophetic figure, yet there was always the suggestion of an actor clinging to his robe. A big, free spirit, with a dash of wildness, no compromiser, he lived his own life with a certain high disdain of the commonplace. Now it is "Hail, and Farewell!"

J. F. N.

"Revolutions never go backward," runs an old adage. Is that true? By no means, if we may judge by the state of affairs in Mexico just now, where the only honestly elected President of that republic in thirty years has been betrayed into the hands of rebels, and, later, foully and shamefully assassinated. The rebels, led by Diaz and Huerta, represent reaction, and their victory means a sad backset of the democratic spirit represented, albeit imperfectly, by Madero. The haciendados, or great land-owners, are happy with the return to power of a Diaz, and the hope of the crushed masses that the vast landed estates would be broken up and distributed, on easy payments, for cultivation

by small farmers, is dashed. Madero failed as a leader, partly through mildness, and partly through favoritism to his relatives, and, having lost much of the confidence of the people, fell. But the end is not yet. Diaz and Huerta have only an *opera bouffe* army behind them—a tatterdemalion conglomeration too strougly leavened with convicts pressed into service. It is not to be believed that such anarchy can long prevail. So far the restraint of our government has been admirable, and it is to be devoutly hoped that there will be no cause for entering Mexico. Once there, we may have to stay for a long time, with much trouble and little thanks.

J. F. N.

Solemn, almost terrifying, is that vision of Tolstoi recorded by his grandniece, Countess Nastasia Tolstoi, in a recent issue of the semi-monthly magazine of the *Chicago Tribune*. The German Kaiser and the King of England asked, through the Russian Czar, for a last message from the prophet, and his vision, a part of which has already been fulfilled, makes the heart stand still. He saw the nations following a beautiful, capricious courtesan, Commercialism — her breath reeking with sordid transactions, her voice metallic like gold, in her eye a look of greed. She carries three torches, War, Hypocrisy, and Law. What the prophet saw he dictated to his grandniece, as follows:

The great conflagration will start about 1912, set by the torch of the first arm in the countries of southeastern Europe. It will develop into a destructive calamity in 1913. In that year I see all Europe in flames and bleeding. I hear the lamentations of huge battlefields. But about the year 1915 a strange figure from the North—a new Napoleon—enters the stage of the bloody drama. He is a man of little militaristic training, a writer or a journalist, but in his grip most of Europe will remain until 1925. The end of the great calamity will mark a new poltical era for the Old World. There will be left no empires and kingdoms, but the world will form a federation of the United States of Nations. There will remain only four great giants—the Anglo-Saxons, the Latins, the Slavs and the Mongolians.

After the year 1925 I see a change in religious sentiments. The second torch of the courtesan has brought about the fall of the church. The ethical idea has almost vanished. Humanity is without the moral feeling. But then, a great reformer arises. He will clear the world of the relics of monotheism and lay the cornerstone of the temple of pantheism. God, soul, spirit and immortality will be molten in a new furnace, and I see the peaceful beginning of an ethical era. The man determined to this mission is a Mongolian-Slav. He is already walking the earth—a man of active affairs. He himself does not now realize the mission assigned to him by a superior power.

And behold the flame of the third torch, which has already begun to destroy our family relations, our standards of art and morals. The relation between woman and man is accepted as a prosaic partnership of the sexes. Art has become realistic degeneracy. Political and religious disturbances have shaken the spiritual foundations of all nations. Only small spots here and there have remained untouched by those three destructive flames. The anti-national wars in Europe, the class war of America and the race wars in Asia have strangled progress for half a century. But then, in the middle of this century, I see a hero of literature and art arising from the ranks of the Latins and purging the world of the tedious stuff of the obvious. It is the light of symbolism that shall outshine the light of the torch of Commercialism. In place of the polygamy and monogamy of today, there will come a poetogamy—a relation of the sexes based fundamentally upon poetic conceptions of life.

And I see the nations growing wiser and realizing that the alluring woman of their destinies is after all nothing but an illusion. There will be a time when the world will have no use for armies, hypocritical religions and degenerate art. Life is evolution, and evolution is development from the simple to the more complicated forms of the mind and the body. I see the passing show of the world-drama in its present form, how it fades like the glow of evening upon the mountains. One motion of the hand of Commercialism and a new history begins.

While thus speaking Tolstoi had been, as it were, in a trance, and when he had finished he opened his eyes and looked at his niece slightly confused, asking if he had been asleep. When she read his vision-talk to him, he listened gravely and nodded, saying that it was correct. Upon her request he signed the document. She adds:

It is because I have heard that one of the royal principals is going to include the secret message in his private memoirs, that I take this opportunity of publishing the whole truth about it and how I received the unusual document. The Czar has told me repeatedly that the Kaiser of Germany thinks it is one of the most impressive literary prophecies of this age.

J. F. N.

Keeping a Diary

[A young man whom I know began for the first time in his life to keep a diary, making his first record January 1st, 1913. I am permitted to make some extracts from it. He is uncertain as to whether to go on with his diary, and has asked my counsel. I have urged him to keep it up, and I believe the following pages will justify my advice. I make no changes except to give the English of a few Latin phrases.—J. F. N.]

January 2d.—If any man wants to know how good or how vile he really is, let him consider writing down boldly, or telling some one frankly, the exact truth, all of it, about himself, his deeds, his thoughts, his acts. He will be as affrighted by the god in him as horrified by the devil lurking in him. Probably there is no honest autobiography, and should be none. Those who tell their sins, as Tolstoi and Tyrrell do, make themselves out worse than they are, perhaps as a kind of penance. Those who record only the good are equally far from the truth. Why tell such a story at all. God knows it. Man might be injured by it. Silence, then.

January 3d.—All day long the old Pleyal tune has been humming itself in my mind, inducing a feeling of sadness in joy—a mood of dreamy, pensive reverie, with gentle musings on our mortal end. What strange things moods are. Of their own accord they steal softly out from the mists of the mind, seize, bind, and take us captive. Mere wisps of feeling, yet they hold us hard and fast, and to free ourselves is not easy. Truly, the mastery of ill moods is one of the finest arts of life. Perhaps the best way is to induce, as we can if we try, a sweeter mood to drive away its darker brother. How often a prayer, softly uttered, will cast out a demon-mood.

January 4th.—Have been reading the new and complete edition of the poems and plays of Vaughn Moody. What a loss when he went away! Methinks my one brief vision of him will one day be among the proudest memories of my life. If I mis-

take not, his fame will wax, not wane, in times to come. How can any pilgrim soul ever forget these lines. They have in them an echo of music from afar, the nameless beauty of simplicity, and the pathos of all perfect things.

In the wilds of life astray,
Held far from our delight,
Following the cloud by day
And the fire by night,
Came we a desert way.
Lord, with apples feed us,
With flagons stay!
By Thy still waters lead us.

January 6th.—The seers whose visions are recorded in the Bible speak of God as a being surrounded by bright, winged spirits who sing His praises. May not we ourselves be, at this moment, among that company? One of the deepest facts of life is that there is in me—and so in all men, since we must be alike—a self of which I am vaguely aware all the time, and vividly conscious betimes, which is always face to face with God. It is pure, radiant, joyous, untouched by any evil I do; it passes judgment on my life—something which always, always sings. When I am still, I can hear it—God must hear it all the time.

January 17th—Think of Aristarchus, the friend and fellow-worker of St. Paul. We know little or nothing about him, save that he stood by the apostle through good and ill report. That was much. He helped Paul to be Paul—content to remain hidden and unknown; doing a noble work, yet not seen in it, nor made famous by it. The Passion for Obscurity—that is a rare and fine thing, and how many there are who render high service at its bidding. *Ama nesciri* (love to be unknown), said A-Kempis.

January 21st.—It is announced that we are to have another Newman book—this time a volume of sermon-notes. Why does his very name stir me with mingled feelings of love, awe, and wistfulness? More and more his intellectual position seems untenable, yet he has a strange fascination—particularly in his seeking, pilgrim years. He is, of course, a literary magician; but that is not enough to explain his hold upon me. Perhaps it is his demand for reality—and his mysticism. *Cor ad cor loquitur* (heart speaks to heart)—that is his spell and the secret of it.

January 22d.—Lionel Johnson, whose *Post Liminium* Essays I have been reading, is—or, alas, was—a literary chameleon. If he writes of Pater it is in the style of Pater, whose disciple he was; if about Lamb, in the spirit of Lamb. There is an ease and pleasantness of quiet mirth in this golden book, a wide catholicity of sympathy and appreciation unmarred by fogs of prejudice, a soft and sure insight, and withal an air of loneliness and gravity betraying a high spiritual lineage. Minds as far apart as Pascal and Renan, Pater and St. Francis, are measured justly, deftly, graciously. Like Pater, he is a critic of ineffable things, and his book, edited by a friend, recalls "a footfall, always light, of one untimely gone away."

January 27th.—Every man has a train of thought on which he rides when he is alone; and the dignity and happiness of his life depend upon the direction in which that train is going, the baggage it carries, and the scenery through which it journeys. What most men need is a change of cars. Too many ride on a single track road, in dingy, antiquated coaches. He who touches this lonely inner life of a fellow man, gives it new direction and meaning, renders the highest service one mortal can render to another.

January 28th—What was it that made Ibsen leave sunny Italy and seek his chill northern clime towards the end? Was it the instinct, or genius, of place? It would seem so; as if the soul wishes to leave the world where it entered it. The little fish in the brown pool in the hills senses a hint of winter in the air, and betakes himself to deeper waters. The bird leaves his haunts and the place of his nesting, and goes south. Surely the soul is not less responsive to the suggestions of time and place. Was it the homing instinct astir in the great soul that sent Ibsen north to die?

Why Not in America?

It is an impressive fact that physicians, especially in England and Germany, are very active in the cause of temperance; the superintendents of great hospitals, distinguished practitioners and the leading medical professors in universities. We lag far behind in America in this respect. There are a few brilliant exceptions, but with us, as a rule, doctors ignore the subject. This is very unfortunate, for they see the ravages of drink more than any other class; they know the scientific facts respecting the havoc of alcohol better than anyone else, and they have larger opportunities for effective temperance work than ministers or teachers. They can speak with more authority and with less suspicion of bias or fanaticism.

Over a year ago, at the meeting of the British Medical Association in Birmingham, some fifty meetings were held on Sunday at which over a hundred of the most eminent doctors of the British Empire spoke to thousands of people on the evils of drink.

Such a campaign of scientific education is needed everywhere. Only in this way can we destroy the ancient superstition that liquor is a life-giver; the root of the evil, which produces the vicious saloon. But our leading men seem to be afraid of the subject. They shun the problem as though blind to its existence. What is the matter? Are they cowards or is the problem so big that they do not see it? Let me call attention to a single incident which shows what might be done here.

Last year the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Vezey Strong, a prominent total abstainer of England, did a great deal to advance the cause which he has so deeply at heart. The present Lord Mayor, Sir Thomas Crosby, placed himself and the Mansion House at the disposal of the National Temperance League. And on February 7, 1912, a remarkable meeting

was held there; a medical conference for city men, at which the main subject discussed was: "Alcohol in Its Relation to Business Life." Fifty leading members of the medical profession sat upon the platform. In the audience were representatives of every city interest; the corporation itself, the Stock Exchange, Lloyds, the Baltic, the Corn, Coal and Stock Exchanges, railway, banking and insurance officials, prominent members of Trinity House, the Chamber of Commerce, the Houses of Parliament, the London County Council,—a most notable body of business men.

The Lord Mayor, himself a doctor, said: "Speaking from the experience of a practice of sixty years, I can honestly say that I know of no malady whatsoever that is in any way answerable for its cure to the existence of alcohol." Sir Thomas Barlow, president of the Royal College of Physicians, London, and one of the leading doctors of Great Britain, in closing his address, "Alcohol and Young Men," said: "I have spoken throughout of the unjustifiable custom of what I have called intermediate drinking, but may we not now go one step farther and beg our young friends to learn both by example and by precept that the greatest safety and the greatest satisfaction come from abstinence in their social evening gatherings, and at ordinary meals as well as at intermediate periods."

The other prominent address was made by Sir Thomas Clouston, recently president of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, who asserted, among other things: "Alcohol diminishes the finer muscle co-ordinations and the powers of intellectual work; also the power of self-control. It diminishes the will-power; it lowers the sense of duty and of consequences. . . . . Therefore, these effects of alcohol are absolutely evil and sometimes dangerous in the highest degree." Dr. Clouston showed how harmful liquor is to young people because of its influence as a habit-forming drug, making slaves of those who use it.

Now, why cannot we not have such public demonstrations in America, illustrating the evils of drink and creating public sentiment in behalf of abstinence? What a grand thing such a meeting would be for Chicago, Boston, New York, or any other city!

Consider for a moment what this means. A public meeting, now and then, presided over by the mayor of the city, commended to the community by a number of leading doctors occupying high official positions, made impressive by the attendance of men and women of distinction and influence, addressed by scientists of world renown who should describe the evil effects of alcohol as a life-destroyer; and all this sent on the wings of the wind by the newspapers to create effective temperance sentiment in thousands of hearts and homes? In what other way could a greater blow be struck for the destruction of a gigantic evil? How else make a larger contribution to the common good?

Redlands, California. JOSEPH H. CROOKER.

THE DAFFODIL.

Today I crossed the grass until
I met a yellow daffodil,
Who took such tiny steps and slow,
I wondered if I saw her go:
She seemed to tremble in the grass:
I stood quite still to let her pass,
And whispered soft as kelpies do,
"It's corners make *you* dizzy too?"
I couldn't hear one word she said:
She held her arms above her head,
And it was shiny gold, but all
The rest of her was green and tall.
I waited—*hours*—until I thought
The little way that she had got
Was making her feel shy maybe,
—And not to be as big as me:
I kissed her then and left her there
Turning the corner with great care:
I could not hear one word she said
But hoped that she was comforted.

The Craftsman. *Grace Hazard Conkling.*

THE PULPIT

The Prodigal of the Old Testament

BY REV. EDWIN ALFRED RUMBALL,
Rochester, N. Y.

In one of the little read parts of the Old Testament we have a small book called "Hosea." All that we know about him can be gathered from a few pages, but even that little is a forgotten or never discovered story to the average man and woman. With the possible exception of Jeremiah, he is the tenderest of the prophets, and the strange blending of hope and gloom, promise and threat make him one of the most interesting psychological characters of the Bible. There is much critical dispute as to the number and character of numerous interpolations which have crept into the text of the little book which we can well disregard here in order to come to the significance of the story of this man's life and work.

His book is the story of what I would call the Old Testament Prodigal. It is a story as dramatic, as full of "the far country" experience, as rich in its presentation of the Father's love as the well known story which was told by Jesus. I am even inclined to think that in spite of the beauty which association has clothed around the New Testament parable, many of us will feel that this new story of a prodigal son has elements far truer to human life than the other. That it is a more human story is due to one of the most remarkable biographical circumstances in the whole of the Old Testament. Every theory of inspiration gives way before the simple yet direct revelation which came to this man. Out of his own life's history, out of his inner life, came the message of God.

Listen for a moment to the bare facts of this tragedy of a home, which any of us may glean from the first three chapters of the book. Hosea had married one Gomerbath-Diblain, a beautiful woman of humble family, which fact is perhaps suggested by the non-allegorical form of her name. Whether she married him only for his position and social standing or for some other better reason we cannot tell, except as we form the opinion from other facts of her life. They had not been married long before she was the mother of a son of whom Hosea was not the father. This brought much unhappiness into the home; but a little later a daughter was born as the result of fresh perfidy on the part of the wife, and three year's later she was again the mother of another man's child. Hosea called the last child Lo-ami, which means, "I will not be yours," and from this time on she seems to have left his home. The real tragedy of the ruined home, however, was in the heart of the prophet. Why was she unfaithful? What should his love for her allow him to do? If she sinned only once, she could be forgiven; if twice even, it might have been passed over; but three times had made her an adulteress. The sorrow and perplexity of his heart is hard even to imagine. But he makes the long story short. The hard humiliating experience does not close his heart to her; he will have her back again home. He goes forth and for the price of a slave he buys her back from the terrible captivity into which she had plunged herself.

In all this bitterness of soul and love of heart, his rare spirit was learning. God was preaching as it were a gospel to him that doubtless made him the prophet

he was. Each lonely meditation in the empty home, each walk with bowed head in the company of his fellows, allowed the voice of God to break the silence sending him forth with a wonderful gospel. By not unnatural logic, he felt that there was something in common in the life of his wayward wife and the life of Israel, the wayward nation. Israel was a prodigal son. Israel had committed adultery. And what was more glorious for his somewhat gloomy nature to see, he came to the conviction that even though Israel should persist in sin as Gomer had done, the old home would still have a welcome and real love. He had come to the wonderful thought that if *he* could forgive, God could forgive. Augustine has written, "God is nearer, more related to us, and therefore more easily known to us, than sensible corporeal beings." A human thought can come more easily from him than from our nearest neighbor. He has spoken to us while they are telling us. Feuerbach, in his wonderful old volume of philosophic mysticism, rings the changes on this gospel. "Whatever is God to a man, that is his heart and soul," and here away back in the Old Testament is the story of how the mercy and love of God grew from a human experience, how a gloomy nature was conquered and glorious forgiveness offered from God because it had been found forthcoming in man.

"Oh, speak through me now!
Would I suffer for him that I love? So wilt Thou—
so wilt Thou!"

Hosea had reached such a mountain top of mercy himself, that it was inconceivable to him that God's thought and feeling about prodigals should be any less than his own.

"The wrong that pains my soul below,
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate,—I know
His goodness and his love."

Tender hearts in bitter experience easily "catch on" to God's meaning of life, and the revelations which our fathers felt it was needful for a miracle to bring to man, are seen to come from the hearts of God's chosen ones. A good man is still more useful than a miracle.

We have hinted at certain differences between the stories of the two prodigals of the Bible, and at this point it may be well to notice a few of them. Of course, the first and most radical difference, is that in one story the prodigal is a boy who hears the call of the wild, while in the older story the prodigal is a nation. Hosea is a preacher against social and national sins, far more than against the wanderings of individual fathers' sons. At the time of Hosea Israel was still a worshipper of the Baals or Nature gods, and Hosea does not speak softly of the idolatry. He seems to think that the priests are largely to blame, in that they have not taught the people of a God who requires mercy more than burnt offerings. One cannot read this old book—and any of us can do it at a short sitting,—without feeling that his time was a very stormy one both politically and socially. A long line of corrupt kings gave him many a text against apostacy. The willingness of these kings and the people under them to form leagues with unrighteous and heathen nations, calls forth his sorrow for the prodigal above all else.

But I do not think that we shall gain much in 1913 by preaching against the sins of old Israel. Men set up false gods in every age and *today* there are those who prefer to worship at these evil shrines rather than obtain the knowledge of God as it may be obtained. Princes then led the people astray as social and political leaders do today. Leagues more menacing than any league with Egypt are formed to harm the very foundations on which our nation is built. Most of us have become obsessed with the idea that a prodigal must be some poor forlorn individual. But nations sin and wander. They may be so taken up with the success of the strong that they forget the weak. There may be a dozen right things to do, which are hard, and the whole people will take the easy road, and negroes who should have the franchise, poor whites who should have education, West Virginia miners who should have the protection of organization, factory girls who should have a living wage, and many other hard things, are left undone, because as a people the way of least resistance seems to be neglect. Hosea is the type of minister who feels not the individual wrong of one employer, the individual injustice of one legislator, but becomes burdened with the weight of a great collective injustice which is too large to lay at any one man's door. Such a man will add to his scheme of personal salvation a plan for the salvation of the nation. His danger may be that he will become obsessed with the notion that there is only social salvation and that the real prodigal is only an impersonal "society;" but a little experience in the work will soon convince him that if he forgets personality when he deals with the people as a whole, his work will not remain.

But there is another difference between the Old and the New Testament prodigals. In the New Testament, the prodigal leaves the home and the father. In Hosea it may be asserted that the home and the father leave the prodigal. "My people ask counsel of a stock." "I will go after my lovers," she said, "for they give me my bread and my wine, my wool and my flax. . . . . She did not know that I gave her the flax and the wine, and multiplied silver and gold which they used for Baal." Hosea draws a picture for us of a people still giving a certain loyalty to the old cult of Baal worshop, which recognized the gifts of Baal in the fruits of the harvest. The people at heart were still heathen and the low sexual morality of the Baal worship was destroying the ethical foundations of the national life. God says, "I will go and return to my place till they acknowledge their offence and seek my face; in their affliction they will seek me earnestly."

The instructive feature in this element of the story is that religion is conceived in the terms of growth. Baal worship was once the best they knew, now the Righteous God claimed their worship. Religion is not a stationary system from which prodigals may flee; it is rather a life which leaves the prodigal behind. There are two ways of losing God out of our lives. One way is to depart from the knowledge of him that we have had and travel to some sinful indulgence which we have left behind us. Another way to lose him is simply to stand still and make him our idol, an unchanging object of worship and no more, so that the Living God leaves us behind. The home of the Old Testament prodigal seems to more truthfully represent the facts of religion in this last form of sin. It is not a house on the hill with the waiting father looking out of the windows for the returning boy; it is rather a moving tent and the prodigals are those who sit around the cold ashes of old camp fires, left by the owner who

has moved a day's march farther on. For the evil of idolatry is that we worship symbols of the past which do not find response and life in any present religious experience.

One of the earliest conceptions of reality, dating from the days of Heraclitus and finding expression down the ages, to be re-emphasized today in the thought of such men as Henri Bergson, is that the essence of life is forever becoming something else, that Being and Becoming is the law of reality. Whatever be the use that we make of this in our philosophy, it is very helpful in this connection. Someone has wittily suggested that the real Unitarians are Unitarians of long standing who begin to move. It certainly is the moving life that is most real. Israel had from ages of tradition thought of the worship on the hills and in the groves as a true worship. The prophets, with their new gospel of righteousness, were introducing confusion into many minds, and many an Israelite of long standing was being left behind. This is what is making a new kind of prodigal today. Some of us are unable to classify God's last move. Things look different from what they did when we first went to Sunday School. God seems to mean something more than when we went to the Divinity School, and when we try to understand him in the old terms somehow they do not work. Dr. Dodson's illustration is a good one. When the white men first came to America, the natives called the sailing vessels birds and their guns sticks, and the visitors themselves gods and goblins. The "savages were like a business man without a sufficient number of pigeon holes in his desk; they therefore did what we all do—classify the new experiences under the old heads." Religion gets ahead of us and we are left behind. I think that there are thousands of men and women in America who are prodigals in just this sense. All this common talk about social justice, fairer distribution of wealth, is just so much extra religion that they have no pigeon hole for. Because they are confused with the new life they hold on to the old a little tighter. This condition is not only to be found in the old friends of the church, but also among the old enemies of the church. They have lost track, also, of the moves of the church. They imagine that the church is still where Ingersoll or Bradlaugh left it. They are making a great deal of noise around an old camp fire, in blissful ignorance of the many days march between them and the triumphant religion which has gone forward.

But who looks on with pity and love at all this confusion of friend and foe? The Father of this Old Testament prodigal is one of the most tender conceptions in the Bible. We do not need to go to the New Testament for the best. The tenderest in the New is not without some word in the Old. It is pathetic how we see the bursting heart of Hosea being re-expressed in God's feeling for Israel. Let me read some of those ancient passages: "I will *betroth* thee unto me in righteousness and mercies." "I will have mercy on her that obtained no mercy." "I will say to them which were not my people, Thou art my people." This is God's writing on the ground and his way of saying to all who had cast stones or wanted to, "Where are now thine accusers?" Then when Israel falsely repents and only shows a goodness like the morning cloud, God almost seems in despair, as Hosea must have been at the continually sinning wife. No where else in the whole Bible are such broken-hearted words placed in God's mouth: "O Ephraim! *What* shall I do unto thee? O Judah! *What* shall I do unto thee? . . When Israel was a *child,* then I loved him, . . I taught Ephraim to walk (Heb. Toddle), I took him in my arms and he knew not that it was I who healed him. . . . . I drew him with the bands of love. *How* shall I give thee up, Ephraim? How shall I deliver thee, Judah? . . . My heart is turned within me, my compassions are kindled together."

It is the picture, you see, of an old father in despair over his children, his loved ones. He goes back to their childhood days and fondly thinks of how he used to hlod their hands as they learned to toddle along, and when they fell and hurt themselves, they were too young to know; but it was his hands that wiped all tears away from their eyes. Such feeling is absent from the story of Jesus. He leaves us to fill that in. Hosea tries to make the people feel that there is no father so tender, none so forgiving, as the God whose righteousness he proclaimed. His pitiful cry, "What shall I do unto you, O Judah?" His pathetic question, "How shall I give thee up?" go to all hearts. Some of us are such a puzzle to God. He punishes, warns, loves, forgives, yearns, teaches, but seemingly all to no account. We still stand still and move not with the moving army of right.

We are all part of a nation which has not kept up with its God, and as he looks back to us, it is a feeling just as deep as any human yearning, and deeper, which says, "How shall I give thee up?" Even as the true church is always the invisible church, so the true America is always the invisible America in the souls and hearts of those who aspire most for its ideals. Many of us are in a far country away from the ideal country of God. He is wondering what he will do next to bring us to know why we are here, why we live, why he sorrows in a thousand hearts for us. But here is what all of us may remember in our waywardness or our impatience or our bitterness; back of all the despair of the great spirit over our slowness, back of all the difficulty of the task, is the love that will not give us up, the mercy which is from everlasting to everlasting.

The temptation to spend the day in work which has been crowded out of other days, in games or in travel, ought to be fairly faced by every one who professes to serve the Lord. The man or woman who secularizes the Sabbath has only to ask the question, "What would the world be like if everybody used the Sabbath as I use it?"—*Congregationalist.*

THE SCULPTOR.

Thought is a sculptor. Lo! his hand
Graves lasting grooves on round, soft face,
With lines of cunning and command,
Of lust, of laughter; grief, or grace.

He from the marble of the flesh
Evokes the angel of the Man;
"Canst make this foul block fair and fresh?"
We plead; he proudly cries, "I can."

Yet of that waiting marble know,
O soul, the sculptor, bidden by thee,
Can shape a thing of shame and woe
Whereat Hell laughs, "'T was carved for me."

It is the chisel of thy will
Wherewith his fadeless art is wrought,
Consummate, deathless is his skill;
O soul, beware the sculptor, Thought.

Frederick Lawrence Knowles

The Sunday School

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

I.

A young professor talking to an older colleague said: "Doctor, have you read Wordsworth?" The old professor replied: "My young friend, I read Wordsworth." So the Bible is a book of which you ought not to say "I have read it," but "I read it."

Why should you want to study the Bible? You have probably made up your mind that it is not the only Word of God. You are beginning to realize by this time that God "hath not left man without a witness," and in each age and clime there have been revelations suited to his needs and abilities. Why read it? You are humiliated when you make a mistake in English literature. There you pride yourself on your intelligence; but if you are caught in a mistake concerning the history of the Jews, or in ascribing a saying of Isaiah's to Paul you consider it more or less of a joke. But even Shakespeare is a negligible quantity in the common property of man today compared to the Hebrew Scriptures. If you want to feel the pulses of the generations, if you want to measure the forces that produced you, if you want to be environed with the potencies that make for character, you can't afford to cut yourself off from this great resorvoir of human life. The great storehouse of the Brahmanic literature must possess tremendous vitality to those who are saturated with it. But we are not Brahmins; we are Semitic in our spiritual descent, for Christianity is the child of Judaism. The Man of Nazareth was a Jew, belongs to the prophetic line, and cannot be understood or estimated except in the perspective of the Old Testament "Man of Sorrows," Jeremiah, he who lashed the dogmatists.

In this year's lessons we will confine ourselves to what we call the Old Testament, as distinguished from later literature. What is it? Speaking popularly, it is practically all that is left of the old Hebrew literature. This literature came into being, in round numbers, during five or six hundred years. The oldest writing we have in its present form dates no further back than the eighth century B. C., and the latest book in the Old Testament collection comes down perhaps into the second century B. C. The collection closed then because the Jews themselves, religiously anyhow, became so mixed up with other peoples that the language lost its purity and the vernacular was of another kind. In 200 B. C. they were saturated with Greek thought and were corrupted linguistically by their classic and pagan contact under Alexander and the Ptolemies.

As the scholars analyze this literature it consists of thirty-two literary units, works more or less complete some of them very fragmentary but distinct with individual origin. The authors of the Hexateuch were generations apart from the writers of the Psalms. The book of Proverbs is as far removed from the book of Jeremiah as is the compilation of Poor Richard's Almanac from Emerson's essays. The Old Testament is a Hebrew library in which are books of history, of statesmanship, of oratory, hymns of praise, two or three little novelettes, at least one drama, books of law, codes of ethics and popular compidations of sayings. It will be a most interesting achievement to cut the binding string, rearrange them in their chronological order and put them together again. Biblos—Bible—means books only, in the bookbinder's sense. We shall, under the guidance of the Higher Criticism, place them in their approximate chronological order. Fourteen years ago higher criticism was a very hot word. Thirty years ago the word was a red rag to the orthodox. Higher criticism is a technical term in contradistinction to lower or textual criticism. Textual criticism busies itself with construction and interpretation. Higher criticism does not ask *what* the text says, but *who* said it and *when* was it said. No use wasting time over the technicalities of a text until the time is determined. The critics determine the approximate age of a Hebrew manuscript just as scholars determine the age of English or French manuscripts, by the phraseology. The English of Milton is not the English of Tennyson.

Hebrew literature abounds in citations and quotations, and if an alleged Mosaic writing quotes some man who lived two or three hundred years after Moses, it will lead to certain conclusions. By such careful analysis scholars have restored the ethical and spiritual value of the Bible to those who could no longer believe in its inerrancy. Set the Jew apart, keep him apart, isolate him as a dogma and he is a perplexity to himself and his neighbors. But once you lose the Jew in the human stream, then the story of that little patch of ground on the eastern shore of the Mediterranean, without a waterway, with its insignificant part in the political economy of the ancient world, becomes a vitalizing, quickening stream that can be traced, like the Gulf Stream, through the Atlantic of human life.

So through these lessons may the Bible be restored to you, not only as an interesting literature, but as a vital book full of spiritual power, character making material that will enkindle you as well as instruct you.

John Stuart Mill, who could never be suspected of Bibliolatry, who was in his day a radical student of human history, and perhaps the earliest of the sociologists, said concerning the central force of the Jewish contribution:

> The Egyptian hierarchy, the paternal despotism of China, were very fit instruments for carrying those nations up to the point of civilization which they attained. But having reached that point, they were brought to a permanent halt for want of mental liberty and individuality—requisites of improvement which the institutions that had carried them thus far entirely incapacitated them from acquiring, and, as the institutions did not break down and give place to others, further improvement stopped. In contrast with these nations, let us consider the example of an opposite character, afforded by another and a comparatively insignificant Oriental people—the Jews. They, too, had an absolute monarchy and a hierarchy. These did for them what was done for other Oriental races by their institutions—subdued them to industry and order and gave them a national life. But neither of their kings nor their priests ever obtained, as in those other countries, the exclusive moulding of their character. Their religion gave existence to an inestimably precious organized institution, the Order (if it may be so termed) of Prophets. Under the protection generally, though not always effectual, of their sacred character, the Prophets were a power in the nation, often more than a match for

kings and priests, and kept up, in that little corner of the earth, the antagonism of influences which is the only real security for continued progress. Religion consequently was not then—what it has been in many other places—a consecration of all that was once established, and a barrier against further improvement. The remark of a distinguished Hebrew, that the Prophets were in State and Church the equivalent of the modern liberty of the press, gives a just but not an adequate conception of the part fulfilled in national and universal history in this great element of Jewish life, by means of which, the canon of inspiration never being complete, the persons most eminent in genius and moral feeling could not only denounce and reprobate, with the direct authority of the Almighty, whatever appeared to them worthy of such treatment, but could give forth better and higher interpretations of the national religion.

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Accordingly the Jews, instead of being stationary, like other Asiatics, were, next to the Greeks, the most progressive people of antiquity, and jointly with them have been the starting point and main propelling agency of modern civilization.

QUESTIONS ON THE INTRODUCTORY LESSON.

1. Why should you read the Bible?
2. How many books in the Old Testament?
3. How long was it in process of formation?
4. Between what centuries did it take shape?
5. Why was the Canon closed?
6. What kind of books do we find in the Bible?
7. What does higher criticism mean?
8. Lower criticism?
9. How do the critics determine the age of a book?
10. What is the value of Hebrew religion?

From the East

Under the title, "The Psychology of Panic," the *Congregationalist and Christian World* publishes an article by Rev. Charles T. Riggs editor of *The Orient*, Constantinople, describing graphically the situation in that city during the recent war, if we may venture to speak of it in the past tense. The attitude of mind of the population as revealed is extremely interesting. We only quote a small part of the article, believing that even so much will prove of interest to our readers. At the beginning of the war, he says:

The entire army, regulars and reserves, were spoiling for a fight. Had not their hosts held Russia—the mighty Moskoff—at bay at Plevna and the Shipka Pass? And who were these Bulgarians? Slaves of yesterday, with a boastful little Tsar at their head, whose long nose should be tweaked.

In that spirit they marched forth to conquest. In one week came back news of disaster, which followed in the weeks to come faster and ever faster until:

People began to wonder what all this meant. "It is the judgment of Allah upon us," said the turbaned Turk, "for letting the *ghiaours* serve in our army." "It is all the work of these irreligious Young Turks," said the *eski kafa*, or old head, the devotee of Hamid II.; "you cannot expect men to fight for *vatan* (country) as they used to for *din* (religion)." Thus in the hour of a common adversity did the fanatical Moslem spirit bring in a new element of disruption and danger.

And now a steady stream of refugee Moslems from the devastated region came pouring in, in their primitive ox-carts, with awful tales not only of the ferocity of the enemy, but also of uncontrolled Turkish soldiery that looted their villages and fell upon the food like ravening wolves. The same symptoms were indicated by the emaciated sick and wounded that came back in trainloads to the city hospitals, and were callous to everything else but to the merciful soup-kitchen started for them at the railroad station by Sir Richard Crawford. Yes, it was hunger that brought on the second defeat. The very finest troops in the world cannot be expected to do their best when the commissariat breaks down. Weakened by defeat, by starvation, by cholera, by official red tape, if the terrible Bulgarians now attacked them, they would surely give way—and then?—Englishmen and Frenchmen recalled the calm, cold-blooded assertions of their Moslem friends that if the Khalif but gave the word, they would loyally cut the throats of all unbelievers. They remembered repeated statements by Turks in times of peace, that if the Turks should be driven out of Constantinople, it would only be over the corpses of the Christians.

In the capital there was growing fear and vague dread among all classes.

Then came the foreign warships into the harbor, summoned by the ambassadors for the protection of foreign interests. Each embassy provided a passenger steamer or two as a refuge for its nationals in the hour of need.

Those who prided themselves that they could think calmly said it was not the fleeing soldiery they feared at all, but the riff-raff in the city—that the municipal authorities were not strong enough to control the submerged tenth, who in this evil hour would rise, burn, pillage, kill, regarding neither rich nor poor, Jew nor Gentile. Still another set of the well-informed recognized that the Unionist plot was a real danger. These would-be patriots had hired some of the soldiers to desert from the army at Chatalja, come back to the capital and start a massacre of Christians; and in the *mêlée* that should follow, these leaders were to seize the government, rescue Abdul Hamid from his prison in the Beylerbey Palace, on the Asiatic side of the Bosporus, take him to Brousa and set up in that ancient capital an oligarchy with Hamid as its puppet!

No wonder we had a panic! Danger? Of course there was danger; and most of all because people, even in high circles, were panicky. It took real nerve, sublime faith and optimistic courage to withstand the tide. All honor to men of the stamp of President Gates of Robert College and Treasurer Peet of the American Board of Missions, who took every opportunity to quiet people's nerves and refused to leave their posts; and Rev. Robert Frew, the Scotch pastor of the Union Church, who, with Secretary Philip of the American embassy and Major Ford, U. S. A., went fearlessly into the cholera camp and worked heroically to save the lives of the dying soldiers.

Two hundred thousand Moslem villagers left their European homes for a trek of hundreds of miles back to their ancestral homes in Asia; some stopped in Constantinople, unable to go farther, but fully three-quarters of that number crossed the Bosporus and are now scattered through the provinces of Konia, Angora, Brousa and Aidin. These poor refugees had fled before the soldiery with scant time to gather their *lares et penates*, and now with winter coming on, they shivered under insufficient clothing. Aside from those who came in carts, thousands had come by rail and were herded into the mosques as the only available shelter for them. It was these conditions that attracted the Red Cross representatives and drew on the sympathies of Lady Lowther, the wife of the British ambassador, who immediately set about a systematic effort on their behalf. The Constantinople Chapter of the American Red Cross, under the lead of Ambassdor Rockhill and with the tireless energy of Mrs. Rockhill, went to work, first, in the hospitals and cholera camps, cleaning up, regulating, dressing wounds, saving lives and helping mightily to stay the epidemic. Lady Lowther's committee set about the distribution of quilts, padded jackets, stockings, shoes, etc., to the needy refugees in mosques and in the "original packages," so to speak—those living in their carts on the outskirts of the city, in terrible squalor and filth.

It is a weird sight—this trekking of the Turk back to his Asiatic home. With his primitive household goods in his primitive ox-cart, and his primitive plow tied to the back of his primitive donkey, he now returns to a life practically the same as what his fathers left in the fifteenth century. And he is perfectly unconcerned about it. Fatalism has kept him from advance and will keep him from ambition, but also from much discontent. Yet he needs our sympathy and our help today, and needs them sorely. It is America's golden opportunity with the Moslem.

It is indeed "America's golden opportunity to enter the field as champion among nations of the principle of universal arbitration and disarmament. To send her heralds forth to proclaim the "Year of the Lord," in the name of humanity. To call upon her statesmen and representatives, at home and abroad, to adopt the larger ideals of a brotherhood which demands unselfishness, justice and love in international relationship.

W.

THE HOME

Helps to High Living

Sunday—Be a man, worthy of the universe that begat you.
Monday—One has much to learn before one can make sure and certain about another's actions.
Tuesday—Who can hinder you from being good?
Wednesday—When you complain of some breach of faith or gratitude, take heed first and foremost to yourself.
Thursday—Nothing is good for a man which does not make him just, temperate, brave, free.
Friday—Gentler with everyone.
Saturday—Let us shut our eyes to much in those who are, as it were, tussling at our side.

—*Marcus Aurelius.*

TO MARCH

Dear March, come in!
How glad I am!
I looked for you before.
Put down your hat—
You must have walked—
How out of breath you are!
Dear March, how are you?
And the rest?
Did you leave Nature well?
Oh, March, come right upstairs with me,
I have so much to tell!

I got your letter, and the birds';
The maples never knew
That you were coming,—I declare,
How red their faces grew!
But, March, forgive me—
And all those hills
You left for me to hue;
There was no purple suitable,
You took it all with you.

Who knocks? That April!
Lock the door!
I will not be pursued!
He stayed away a year, to call
When I am occupied.
But trifles look so trivial
As soon as you have come,
That blame is just as dear as praise
And praise as mere as blame.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

The Frog in the Well

A frog lived in a well. It had lived there for a long time, and every day cleansed the waters of all the worms and bacilli that lived in it with an energy that would give credit to our modern bacteriologists. In this way it went on and became slick and fat. Well, one day another frog that lived in the sea came and fell into the well.

"Where are you from?"

"I am from the sea."

"The sea; how big is that? Is it as big as my well?" and he took a leap from one side of the well to the other.

"My friend," says the frog of the sea, "how do you compare the sea with your little well?"

Then the frog took another leap and asked, "Is your sea so big?"

"What nonsense you speak, to compare the sea with your well."

"Well, then," said the frog of the well, "nothing can be bigger than my well; there can be nothing bigger than this; this fellow is a liar, and I'll turn him out."

That has been the difficulty all the while.

I am a Hindoo.. I am sitting in my own little well and thinking that the whole world is my little well. The Christian sits in his little well and thinks the whole world is his well. The Mohammedan sits in his little well and thinks that is the whole world. I have to thank you of America for the great attempt you are making to break down the barriers of this little world of ours, and hope that, in the future the Lord will help you to accomplish your purpose.

(Story told by Vivekananda, of Calcutta, India, at the farewell meeting of the Parliament of Religions.)

* * *

Two March Constellations

This month we have chosen to talk to you about that part of the sky where the planet Venus is located. Venus is the bright star which has been visible in the southwest ever since last November. It has been moving farther and farther away from the sun toward the east. At the same time it has steadily grown brighter, and during the month of March it will be at its greatest brilliancy. It is so bright that, if you are in a dark room in to which it is shining, you can see that it casts a shadow. If you could look at it with a telescope, it would appear very much like the moon before it is half full.

The stars near it form the square of Pegasus, which you will see standing up on one corner, with one side nearly pointing at Venus. Pegasus is the winged horse, the square is its body and the triangle of stars forms its head.

The star at the northwest corner of the square is the same as that in the forehead of Andromeda, the adjoining constellation. Andromeda, you remember, was, in Grecian Mythology, the maiden who was chained to a rock and was threatened by a terrible monster. She was rescued by Perseus, who turned the monster into stone by showing him the Gorgon's head. The faint stars branching off from the middle bright one form her girdle. Close to the one under her right arm is a hazy spot of light which is known as the great nebula in Andromeda. It is one of the finest nebula in the heavens.

—*Caroline E. Furness,*
Vassar College Observatory.

St. Nicholas.

* * *

Bent By the Sun

The towering Washington Monument, solid as it is, cannot resist the heat of the sun, poured on its southern side on a midsummer's day, without a slight bending of the gigantic shaft, which is rendered perceptible by means of a copper wire, 174 feet long, hanging in the center of the structure, and carrying a plummet suspended in a vessel of water. At noon in summer the apex of the monument, 550 feet above the ground, is shifted, by expansion of the stone, a few hundredths of an inch toward the north. High winds cause perceptible motions of the plummet, and in still weather delicate vibrations of the crust of the earth, otherwise unperceived, are registered by it.—*Scientific American.*

Said John Bright: "The Sabbath is the corner-stone of civilization." Another great man has said: "There is no morality without religion, there is no religion without worship, and there is no worship without the Sabbath."

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

A LOST HALF

It [*the title*] was suggested by a very fine little talk which opened the speaking program of the occasion [*Woman's Board of Missions*], and was given by Mrs. Eulah Bates Lee, a former missionary in Turkey. Mrs. Lee quoted a writer as saying that after China adopted the custom of foot-binding the nation never had produced a great statesman, and she amplified the thought by arguing that where women had been suppressed men had not risen to their best.

It struck me forcibly, for there swept across my mind a picture of the dreary and desolate ages and lands and generations in which woman has been suppressed. In our enlightened land she is the "better half," but in all that dreadful heathen land she is the lost half—all that her liberation and devotion to human uplift and progress would have meant to the race lost! What figures could sum up that loss? What estimate compute it? Man, "mere man," and I use the expression advisedly, groping, struggling, rising, falling, in his vain attempt to get along without the help, in the best sense, of the one whom heaven declared at the beginning should be his helpmeet. I repeat, it has meant appalling loss. It helps us to understand what the Master of us all meant when He spoke of this as a lost world; and we realize again how much his redemption of the world signified. "He hath looked upon the low estate of his handmaiden," exclaimed his mother, "and he that is mighty hath done me great things."

Great things indeed, when he raised up woman from menial condition, and set all her kindness and love and self-sacrifice and tireless devotion free to help on the race and bless the world.

Grapho.

In the Advance.

DRINK AND LABOR

We desire to lose no opportunity to strengthen the argument against the use of intoxicating liquors, believing the habit to be fraught with peril to all classes of men. Especially is it important to convince the *workers of the world* of the danger to mind and muscle arising from indulgence in drink. We quote below from *The Methodist Recorder* a speech once made by Eugene V. Debs, who discussed the question from the standpoint of the workingman's interest and not as a temperance advocate in the abstract. He said:

"Workingmen, to deal intelligently with the great issues which confront them, and which will soon test them to the core, should have clear heads, steady nerves, and should be clean and wholesome in their habits. If they are going to develop the manhood which makes for freedom and a higher civilization they cannot too soon put the ban on an influence which seizes thousands of their number and drags them down to ruin while thousands of others are reconciled to their wretched lot instead of being up in intelligent revolt against a system which degrades them and their families to the level of the cheapest merchandise.

"What workingmen need to do, among other things necessary to their emancipation, is to drink less whisky and read more good literature. Whisky not only has a tendncy to muddle their brains and weaken their minds, but to make them satisfied with their wretched lot. When a workingman has taken a drink or two of the poison that paints landscapes in the brain, for a brief moment all the skies are bright and the labor question is settled.

"Only too often workingmen meet in saloons, sometimes vile dens, where they discuss the labor question and transact their union affairs. It is hardly necessary to observe that business so transacted does not pan out to the interest of the wage slaves."

LAUS INFANTIUM

The earth, which feels the flowering of a thorn,
Was glad, O little child, when you were born;
The earth, which thrills when skylarks scale the blue,
Soared up itself to God's own heaven in you;

And heaven, which loves to lean down and to glass
Its beauty in each dewdrop on the grass,—
Heaven laughed to find your face so pure and fair,
And left, O little child, its reflex there.

—William Conton.

Exchange.

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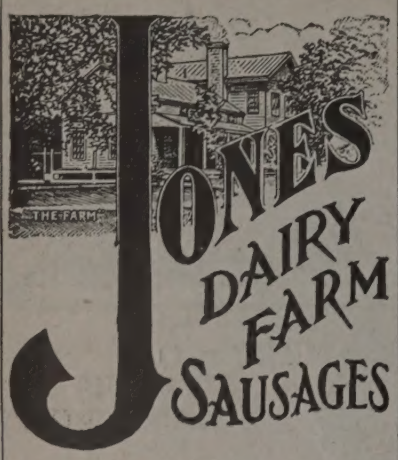

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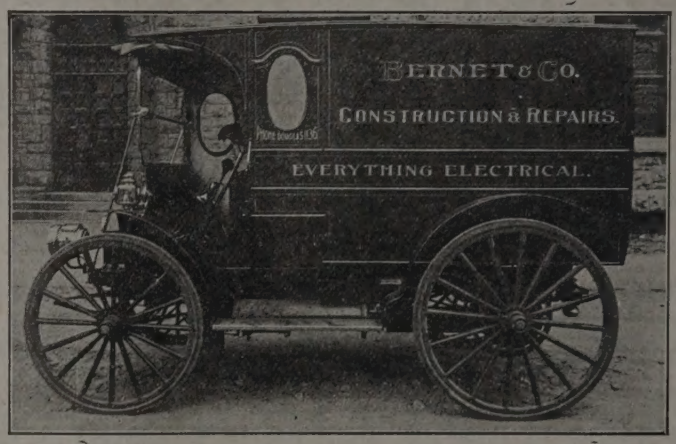

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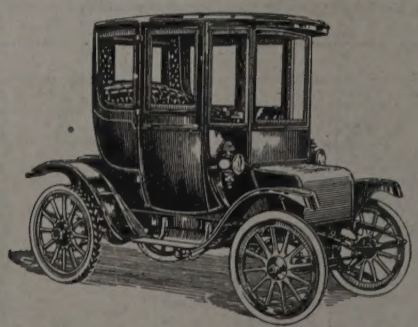

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